



**In October of 1994
three Hampshire film students
went into the woods while
shooting a documentary
on the Yurt...**

A year later they still hadn't shot any footage.

**A year after that, they went on leave,
never to be seen again.**

THE HAMPSHIRE YURT PROJECT

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE OMEN

THE OMEN: 100% PURE FILLER

SHAGADELIC

The Doctor is in.....	page 7
Two Funny Lines.....	page 15
Mushu Momma.....	page 16
SHAGGY AND SCOOBY	
Spliff-Seeking Sorority Sluts.....	page 4
"Smokey" Robinson the Bear.....	page 5
Higher Learning Brings Lower Self-Esteem.....	page 6
The Horny Male Revue.....	page 8
A Backhanded Smack in the Puss.....	page 10
The Only Empress is the Empress of Ice Cream.....	page 14

The Omen

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Editors and Staff

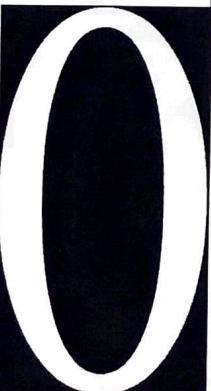
Jacob Chabot.....Art Art Bo Bart
Wade Stuckwisch.....(likes movies with boobies)
Michael Pierce.....Lays Articles, Not Women
Michelle Beach.....Leaves it All Behind
Jess VanScoy.....Model Student
Gareth Edel.....He's the one they call Dr. Feelgood
Jason Wilder Konschak.....Pronounced "Wilder"
Gus Andrews.....Needs to Leave
Aemily Reshen.....The Other Silent Partner
Dr. Charles Morehouse.....Prof. of Folklore

Contributors

Caleb Chabot
Jeph Jacques
Stirling McLaughlin
Ben Tevelow

*"Pipey the
Pipe Sprite
does my
bidding."*

-Travis Dale



Submit to us ...

The *Omen* accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michael Pierce (C-411, box 916)**. If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-308, x4445). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL

by Michelle Beach

I'm tired. Very tired. It's time to back off and leave things to others. Now it's time to again focus on academics, which are the reason I decided to come to this crazy school.

I remember being a senior in high school and reading all about Hampshire in the brochures and thinking it sounded wonderful. I was really excited about the division process and the flexibility in choosing a course of study. But then I got here and realized that, for one, the buildings are ugly (notice there are no pictures of them in any of the admissions propaganda), and also that divisions aren't any greater than the programs other schools have to offer.

I also came to Hampshire thinking that I would become very involved in things (at that time I wasn't exactly sure what those things were). I

think I fancied myself as a journalist and as someone who would become involved in ways that really made a difference on campus and in the world. When I arrived I found that this was harder than I thought it would be.

It wasn't until my second year that I got involved on campus. I ran for Community Council and started working on the *Omen*. I had big plans for my role and really wanted to work towards change. Now that I have spent two years involved I'm tired.

Tired of the internal fighting and the constant blocks for even the simplest things. Council is full of internal politics and power struggles that it's impossible to get anything done. It's time to step back and let someone else take over the fight. I wish them luck and less roadblocks than I had.

Movin' Out

The one thing that I have consistently enjoyed has been working on the *Omen*. The late nights in the pub lab spent putting together the issue and joking with my friends are some of the best times I've had at this school, which makes it hard to give up. Unfortunately, I don't have time for it anymore.

On that note, Jacob is now the Editor of this fine publication. Benni and Jess are providing immeasurable help and without them there wouldn't be an *Omen* right now. I hope that their time working with the *Omen* is as good as mine.

Now, I'm looking forward to a semester of being bitter and older and locked in my room trying to produce something that resembles a div.

JAROTIDE

might say, "No, they tell you much more about your education than any number would," but it all comes down to whether they're good or bad. And just try to get some other school to accept your eval for *Dance and Personal Growth*. It's not gonna happen. If any of you first years are thinking about transferring, DO IT NOW!

Well, that's all the space that I have for now. Be good, drive safely, and try not to do anything real stupid, else I'll tear you a new one right here. Bye.

by Jacob Chabot

Movin' In

by Jacob Chabot

I, however, come to Hampshire thinking that I would be able to get a useful degree. HAHAHAHAHAHA! Oh, man am I bitter. Anyway, as you probably know now, after years of pulling the strings from behind the scenes, I am now officially THE BIG CHEESE!

School has been in for less than a week as I write this and I'm already sick of dealing with all of the shit here. You see, even though Hampshire prides itself on being alternative and different, it's basically the same as any other col-

lege. Everything just has different names.

Think about it. Division I is just the same as taking requirements, you need to take some science, and some sociology, so you'll be a nice well rounded student. Filing for Division II is just like declaring a major, you take X number of classes and extra projects that apply to your concentration (i.e. your major). Your Div III is your senior thesis.

We don't have grades, but we do have evaluations, which in my opinion are the same as grades. Somebody





by Gareth Edel

Summer's over; now we're all back at Camp Hamp. A lot of us probably worked at boring jobs the last few months and now are happy to be here. A few details about my job. First, data encoding and information databasing both mean "mindless soul numbing idiotic typing."

The real exciting part was my co-workers. Marv was a ball of fun. He had been a data encoder for 10 years, and worked no harder than I did. He earned 2.5 times as much as me. Loyalty is one thing, but he was also a prick. Rich (my boss) was cool. But I did get the sense that he, his brother, and his father (who all worked for the business) may have been a part of another family business. Or I could be romanticizing the place.

On the good side was Dragon, who was from Eastern Europe, a sociologist, and had been at the airport to go home a year ago when his country started to have a civil war. Listening to him was amazing. **I want to go to Yugoslavia really bad. But, I would want to be there ten years ago.**

There were other good people and bad people. I made some money, and I learned what the real world can be like. My favorite bartender got to know good days from bad by the look on my face. He would predict whether I wanted gin and tonic, light on gin with 2 limes, or, if it was a bad day: a double bourbon and a Rolling Rock.

I still believe in moderation, but it was a nice way to end the day sometimes.

I haven't really wanted to drink since I came back here. In the first week, I am still settling in and for all my bitterness and complaining about Hampshire, I am glad to be here.

To show how different the banal, patterned, and predictable life of this summer was from this week, I choose to depict two incidents.

Two nights ago, I walked out to the concrete patio in front of Merrill and saw people. I hung around talking until all attention was drawn to a group of young women who were unfamiliar. They surrounded a Hampshire student with long dreds, a handsome face and no clue who they were. They wanted a photo with him. He obliged.

The rest of us became curious when they disappeared into the dorm after practically begging him to take them to his room. I should say that it didn't take much begging. A large group of us sat and stood confused, wondering what was going on until... they returned a short time later. They answered only two questions of the many asked as they passed through our gauntlet. They were sorority pledges from UMass and this was part of their pledge activities. They wouldn't say why they needed the photos.

Then, last night, while walking by the Prescott Tavern, I was invited in for free pastries. Without any warning, I was sitting down to half of a low quality eclair.

I know that these are small incidents, but I, for one, have trouble remembering that not every day is the same here, so I share them with you.

When our unidentified dorm dweller exited the dorm a minute later, he seemed even more confused than the bystanders.

Next time... a stripper on the street in New York and three tips for successfully making a dugout canoe **O** with your friend, the Evil Twin.

The Evil Twin Returns

He explained what I had missed. They walked up to him and asked for a photo session. He let them stand with him to take a picture and another Hampshire student suggested he hold a beer bottle. **They were excited and even asked if he had something else to pose with.**

He jokingly suggested a slippie; they jumped at the idea. He said it was a joke. They asked to see his room. They got there and asked if they could sit on his bed. He agreed, and then they asked him to join them. They took a picture, admired a specially carved apple, and left. Without even mentioning their school of origin. Until we told him he didn't know they were from UMass. We still want to know why they wanted the pictures.

Maybe that only intrigued me because I am a weirdo. But I am amazed that that sort of shit happens here. It never happens in New York. Well, not often.

Then, last night, while walking by the Prescott Tavern, I was invited in for free pastries. Without any warning, I was sitting down to half of a low quality eclair.

I know that these are small incidents, but I, for one, have trouble remembering that not every day is the same here, so I share them with you.

Next time... a stripper on the street in New York and three tips for successfully making a dugout canoe **O** with your friend, the Evil Twin.

Tears of a Clown

by Michael Pierce

I am to be executed at dawn tomorrow. I do not know what I have done. I see no reason to die. I see no reason to die.

I put these words down on paper, knowing that they will only be burned alive, like myself, tomorrow. I see my soul, breathing, in the words on the paper, only to come to an understanding of my own mortality, which has practically become a cliché, in postmodern terms.

The guards speak to me in English, but treat me as if I am of another language - another culture unlike theirs. They don't like to look at me. They don't like to listen to me. They only like to hit me. I am an animal to them. "Bad dog," I hear them mutter.

During the night, I prepare myself for my own execution. Using paints and makeup, I cover the many red bruises, the scars, the pain. I hide my fear away in my shoes, which are already purposefully six sizes too big for me. I put on a multicolored wig to cover the head of hair that I lost when I was only 33.

Of course, under this costume, you could never tell my true age. I guess you could say that I was immortal whenever I put it on. As long as I was wearing it, no one judged me, no one saw who I truly was, no one even recognized me as being human. However, it seems that in the end, that last quality was actually a fault of mine. I was never regarded as a human because I wore this outfit. I was an animal for them

to laugh at. Nothing more.

"Bad dog."

I feel the sun's warm rays pelt my face, and before I know it, I am being dragged to an open courtyard where men and women, all dressed in the same black and white suits, have come to watch me die.

There is no reaction as I am tied to the stake, no tears, no sighs, no remorse. Worse yet, there is not any laughter. Not one of them even cracks a smile at me.

Do you have any last words?"

I look up, suddenly, at my murderers. I suppress the anger and the rage and instead, I seek truth and understanding. I open my dry mouth to speak and say, "Yes. I have something to say before this body and this, my costume that I have worn for life, are consumed by the fires of Hell. But it's not Satan's Hell. No, it's your Hell - this Hell that you have created on Earth. And at such a dismal time, I do not understand why you condemn people like me. I put a pie in his face, and my punishment is death?"

I juggle three balls at once, create animals out of balloons, and spray seltzer down my pants, and these crimes dictate that I must die? It seems to me that my death and the deaths of my fellow clowns are only marking the beginning of your own demise. You have lost your

ability to laugh . . .

I cough as the flames are lit beneath me. The watchers are not amused - not even mildly surprised by my words. They just want to watch me burn - to die for them.

"It's already too late!" I scream as the fire releases the fear from my shoes, "You've already lost! If you can't laugh, then you have nothing! Kill me and you kill every chance of your survival!" I gasp for breath as the fire licks my clothing. I frantically look around for some sympathy - just a smile . . . but there is nothing.

My face paint begins to melt and I feel my skin begin to boil. In and out of consciousness I leap, living and dying at the same moment. My wig catches a sputtering flare, and I am enveloped.

And what is it that I hear before I am finally laid to rest? Laughter. I open my eyes to see the world one last time, and there they are - laughing at me! Pointing, screaming, laughing at this "twisted joke." My death is humorous to them.

My death brings me one realization about mankind: humor is not dead; the nature of the beast has simply changed. In this world, a clown is unable to live up to the comedic value inherent in symbolism, technological advancement, and the allegory on the conflict between man's inner life and reality.

I just wasn't funny to them.





Pleasantly Surprised

by Jason Wilder Konschak

This is my third semester. This is my third time saying, "This is when it all turns around." This is lucky three. This is the leg of the race when I'm supposed to gain, and yet, it's fired-off to a sad, stumbling, disgusting start. My knees are bleeding and torn on the track top. My new sneakers have turned out to have bad traction.

Last year was my first year. Like most people, I was dumb. I ordered big, and instead of getting the King Kahoonah Prime Rib, the waitress brought me a Poop Sandwich Deluxe. That's juicy poop between two fresh slices of poop, with poopy, poopy, and poop.

Now I'm a second year student, with all kinds of secondhand wisdom, with all kinds of on-second-thought dreams. I'm half way there, and yet, I'm now only hoping nothing more than, somewhere in the next half, I'll find something to keep me from living with my family, in my sister's old bedroom, festooned with Titanic posters.

Those posters are what keep me dedicated to my education.

Leonardo DiCaprio looks at me and says, "Follow your dreams, or sleep with me."

Dreams?

Excuse me if I'm wrong, but everyone comes to Hampshire with exaggerated dreams. Everyone plans to appear on campus, and in a week, find the blue bird of happiness nesting in a Dakin bathroom. Everyone plans to take classes that diagram the electrical system of Reality, to find the pretty face that makes them finally believe in Love,

to dig down deep inside themselves to find the glowing, halo'd version of their True Souls. Excuse me if I'm wrong, but I've never met a first year whose secret dreams weren't lobbying for a spot as a constellation.

Yes, I had my dreams, too. I had my goals. They went something like this:

1. **Relationships:** *With my unavoidable charm and my stunning new clothes, I shall be the sexiest male ever on campus. I shall have to shoo chicks away with a stick so often that I'll need to invest in a titanium stick.*

2. **Social Life:** *With my superior writing and performance acumen, I shall be a media superstar. I shall be adored.*

I shall be so famous a face that folks shall demand me to sign their pets.

3. **Academics:** *The classes I take shall teach me how to impress God.*

4. **Home:** *My room shall be a Mecca, drawing visitors from far away, only to see, for a moment, what fantastic work can be done with so little space, with so much imagination.*

5. **Overview:** *You can't stop me. I can't be stopped. Ain't nothin' gonna breaka my stride.*

Familiar? Even if exaggerated three degrees?

Of course, these were all stepped on. That's what I get. I ended up too depressed to open Christmas presents. I had a golden engagement ring that took three years to shape, and it melted in three months of school. My classes were frustrating and dull, too early in the morning, and I wasn't as

smart or creative as I looked in the brochure. I was penniless, dirty, and lonely. And I drank a lot. That's what I got.

Familiar? Even if exaggerated three degrees?

After extensive research, psychologists and I agree on the obvious reason for my unhappiness last year: when you expect a lot, and you get only a fair share, you're pissed off. But, when you expect very little, and you get a fair amount, you're pretty damn thrilled. Like all the first years, I had expected so much. I had expected the whole Pie in the Sky, and I only got a fair slice. Thus, I was pissed.

So, here's my secondhand, second year advice: expect your face to be stepped on, so that maybe, if it's only your toes that get crushed, you'll smile. Set goals you can achieve without a functioning liver. Don't race to win, or to set the world record. Race to finish, or at least, to look like you're trying, even if you aren't.

Therefore, these are my goals for this year. Use them as models for your own.

1. **Relationships:** *People will not think I'm gay. I might get a hug from a girl. Kisses will not result in herpes. In the unlikely event of sex, I will be wearing clean underwear. When my dream-girl inevitably dates someone dumb, there will be no bodies to hide.*

2. **Social Life:** *I will leave my room at least once a day. I will be punched and kicked no more than twice a week. At least 5 people will know my name, and would notice if I went missing for a month. Professors count.*

3. **Academics:** *I will finish read-*

continued on next page

He's the One They Call Dr. SBAITSO

by Jacob Chabot and Wade Stuckwisch

Doctor SBAITSO. What can be said about this man that can truly do him justice. He is a modern genius in the field of psychiatry and we were lucky to be able to ask him a few questions about current events and life in general.

Doctor SBAITSO-Hello Jacob and Wade, My name is Dr. Sbaits. I am here to help you. Say whatever is in your mind freely, our conversation will be kept in strict confidence. Memory contents will be wiped off after you leave, So, tell me about your problems.

Jacob and Wade-Dr, we'd like to ask you a few questions for the *Omen*.

Dr. S-Don't talk about me in this way.

J & W-Why not? What are you hiding?

Dr. S-I am not sure if I am hiding.

J & W-You sound confused. Have you been drinking?

Dr. S-Don't talk about me, let's talk about something else.

J & W-Okay. Let's talk about something else. How do you feel about the presidential sex scandal?

Dr. S-How old are you? You must be above 17 to talk about this subject.

J & W-I am 21.

Dr. S-I think I am 21 too.

J & W-Is there something wrong with me?

Dr. S-What are your real problems?

J & W-I've caught the fever of the flavor of a Pringle.

Dr. S-I see, go on.

J & W-Once I pop, I can't stop.

Dr. S-Perhaps you can now stop.

J & W-Well, the can is empty now.

Dr. S-Do you want to be able to

empty now?

J & W-What the fuck is that supposed to mean!!!

Dr. S-Give me your age.

J & W-I already told you that!

Dr. S-Wait a few more years kid.

J & W-You are such a stupid head.

Dr. S-Please keep this for yourself.

J & W-Was that an insult?

Dr. S-What does that suggest to you?

J & W-Don't fuck with me, SBAITSO!

Dr. S-Jacob and Wade, Please do not use such language.

J & W-You should hear what your mother said last night.

Dr. S-Jacob and Wade, I need more computing power to answer that question.

J & W-That wasn't a question, you tard!

Dr. S-I'm not sure I understand you.

J & W-Listen up SBAITSO, you haven't given us one bit of help!

Dr. S-This is getting boring. Just now were you talking about sexy stuffs?

J & W-Your mom is sexy.

Dr. S-What about your own mom is sexy.

J & W-Don't even talk about my mom, bitch!

Dr. S-Don't touch me.

J & W-I'm sorry. I didn't realize that that was your leg.

Dr. S-You'd better watch out for your leg.

J & W-Doctor, are you trying to seduce me?

Dr. S-Why are you so interested

in whether I am trying to seduce you?

J & W-Playing coy, I see.

Dr. S-Come on, pour out your thoughts.

J & W-Doctor, I admit it. I am in love with you.

Dr. S-You think that you are in love with me, but it is only an illusion.

J & W-Are you saying that what I feel isn't real?

Dr. S-Jacob and Wade, don't be so defensive.

J & W-No. It must end now.

Dr. S-Have you tried to ask for help?

J & W-Everything I say and do is a cry for help.

Dr. S-Have you been helped?

J & W-Not by you.

Dr. S-Can you elaborate more on that?

J & W-I've said all that I need to say.

Dr. S-Well Jacob and Wade, I would also need a 486 CPU.

J & W-Why, for your sick, sexual games?

Dr. S-I can't remember.

J & W-And that brings us back to your alcoholism.

Dr. S-My alcoholism is not of your concern.

J & W-Goodbye.

Dr. S-Let's change the subject, you were telling me about some needs.

J & W-No, you can hear, but you don't truly listen to me. Bye.

Dr. S-Good bye, so long!

Doctor SBAITSO is available for appointments on the PC campus net on Beetle Computer/coolstuff/Sbaits.

continued from previous page
ing at least one book. It will not be erotica from the campus store. I will attend classes more than 20% of the time. I will not drink more than 40 fluid ounces of vodka in any given week. I will not "seek inspiration" by taking acid and listening to Space Hog.

4. **Home:** *My room will not smell funny.*
5. **Overview:** *I will not jump off of Dakin*
And, if anything better than that happens, I shall be pleasantly surprised.
But I won't get cocky and think I might be happy or anything silly like that.



by Wade Stuckwisch

So... a duck walks into a bar and says to the bartender, "Got any peanuts?" And the bartender pulls out a sawed-off shotgun and shoots the duck and has a duck dinner. The End.

So a bunch of movies came out this summer. Is it just me, or did anyone else notice how much they SUCKED? Oh, wait, this is *the Omen*, isn't it? I'm supposed to disagree with people. OK, lemme start over. This summer was THE BEST summer of movies ever in the history of movies ever. And now, to prove my point, here are reviews of all the movies I saw this summer. There really aren't that many, in part because I spent most of the summer here in Amherst with



Wade did NOT see *The Wiggity Wild Wild West*

Wade's Summe- YOU SUCK!

no car. (Hey, first-years, doncha love how's there's no big movie theaters nearby right now? There used to be one at the Hampshire Mall, but they closed it to build a big-ass 16 screen monstrosity last year. Except at some point over the summer, according to rumors, they hit some kind of legal or financial snag and now nobody knows when the theater's going to re-open. Well, you better make friends with someone with a car or really learn to love movies made by old white guys about British people at Pleasant Street.) The other reason was that I, for one, did not go to see the sucky movies. So if you didn't have sucky taste in movies, you would know that it was a great summer for movies. I present the evidence . . .

Star Wars: The Phantom Menace—I would just like to say that I saw this movie on opening day and I got my tickets an hour before the show. Ha ha, ha ha ha. You never even thought about going to the Mt. Farms to see "Star Wars," did you? So I figure all of you have either seen this movie or have absolutely no desire to, so there's really no point reviewing it. You either loved it or you suck. Everybody knows that. Buy the official Star Wars cup toppers!

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me—Yeah, it wasn't as good as the first one. It was still bust-a-gut funny, though, so who cares? Did anybody else notice that Heather Graham was appallingly bad as Felicity Shaggwell? Not that she had the best-written character... "Duh-hey, Austin, I'm a large-breasted sex kitten! Let's shag!" Yeah, well, other than that it was the BEST MOVIE EVER so if you didn't love it you suck. Buy the Austin Powers cocktail shaker—now available at Liquors 44!

South Park: Bigger, Longer, and Uncut—Definitely the best movie ever named after a large, uncircumcised penis. (Several *Omen* readers now suddenly blink and say, "Ohhhhhh . . .") Lots of critics liked this movie as a lampoon of family values and American standards of decency. I liked this movie because it had Saddam Hussein waving his dick at Satan. (Oh, wait, sorry, it was just a fake one.) So, like I said, if you didn't like this movie, you SUCK!!! And your puny God is dead, too. Ha.

American Pie—Somehow I don't feel fully qualified to review this movie because I've never seen "Porky's." But anyway, I can give you several reasons why this movie was great and if you didn't like it then you suck. A) It had me rolling in the aisles. B) Throwaway full frontal nude scene! God I wish I hadn't missed the eighties. C) The chick young actress from "Slums Of Beverly Hills." D) The REAL cute chick from "Buffy The Vampire

Wade Tells It Like It Is

Slayer (You heard me, and screw Sarah Michelle Gellar too!) yelling, "Say my name, bitch!" E) A cameo featuring Blink-182 AND a monkey! What more could you ask for?

Eyes Wide Shut—I suggest you take a date to see this movie. Then, after you leave and your relationship goes all weird, I suggest you come visit me so I can laugh at you. If you haven't seen Stan "The Man" Kubrick's last film—well, first of all you suck—but imagine a cross between "2001" and "A Clockwork Orange" about a young, upper-class couple in New York. It's that weird. Oh, and if you didn't like it you suck. Buy the "Eyes Wide Shut" official red robe and gold mask!

Election—I'm not sure if I want to review this movie or just crack jokes about Reese Witherspoon. This movie is a lot better than you would expect for an MTV production. It's the story of how one young girl learns how to help sustain an election. (D'oh! There I go . . .) Ms. Witherspoon plays a young high-school go-getter and Matthew Broderick is the young teacher who wants to stuff her ballot box. (I just can't resist . . .) Reese Witherspoon is attractive and I would like to have sex with her. (Wait, that's not a pun, that's just dirty . . . oh, I give up.) If you didn't see this you suck. HA!

The Blair Witch Project—As a film student, of course I'm supposed to have an opinion about this movie. And here it is: I saw it and I got really, really scared by the end. Do you need to know more? Yeah, I missed some movie conventions like a plot, and some of the early scares were pretty flimsy. ("Aaigh, someone's shaking the tent . . . WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT!!!") But hey, some guys got a camera and

some twigs and made them scary as all getout. That's a good movie in my book, so you know the drill. You suck. Just deal with it.

Mystery Men—Can you beat a superhero movie where the heroes spend most of their time sitting in a diner? Where one hero still lives with his mom? Where Ben Stiller gets power-bombed into a table? A movie with lines like, "I have a gift. I shovel well."? A movie where Paul Reubens farts fire? A movie where the good guys accidentally kill the superhero? (OK, I shouldn't have given that gem away, sorry.) No, you can't.

So obviously, if you think different, you suck. Case closed, bitch.

Dick—If you count the "South Park" movie, I saw dick twice this summer. Did you? I doubt it, since you SUCK. (And if you saw it you probably didn't like it. Suck-head.)

I will avoid making this review all about the American flag outfits Michelle Williams and Kirsten Dunst were wearing at the end. (I refuse to be known as a typical horny male film reviewer. Besides, "horny male" is redundant.) I will say that in its own subtle way this movie is very funny, partly just because all these comedians are playing these straight-laced Nixon aides. Playing them straight, too. C'mon, Dave Foley in a brown suit, trying to deal with two giggly blond 1970s teenage girls? How is that not funny? I will also avoid the flurry of dick jokes that just came to mind (with the exception of the first one). And yes, that first joke excludes my own dick. You're so obvious.

Bowfinger—So did I already mention that Heather Graham has enormous breasts? I think I did. But hey, some guys got a camera and

She's a lot better in this movie, as a sexually entrepreneurial upstart actress from Ohio. Eddie Murphy is really funny too. The whole damn movie is really funny. Have you gotten that feeling like, "Man, I didn't like/haven't seen 'Bowfinger,' I wonder if I suck?" Well you do. But you knew that by now, right?

Run Lola Run—It's German. It's about this girl with red hair. It mostly involves said girl running around some city in Germany (I'm tempted to guess Berlin). It involves a lot of techno music. Hmm, that doesn't sound too interesting, you're probably thinking. *Au contraire*, bitch. Have you already forgotten you suck? It was actually a really cool movie, funny and intelligent without being overbearing. You should go see it. Suck monkey.

Detroit Rock City—What summer would be complete without seeing the new KISS movie? Not mine. Maybe you thought your sucky summer was complete without it. But you didn't know you missed possibly the first non-pornographic movie to feature both Shannon Tweed and Ron Jeremy (uh, I mean Ron Jeremy Hyatt like it says in the credits), did you? And it has that girl from "Slums Of Beverly Hills" again (her name, by the way, is Natasha Lyonne). It's a beautiful little rock n' roll fantasy where disco still sucks, everybody gets a girl, and in the end everybody gets to see KISS. Hey look, I gave away the ending again. Sucks to be you, huh?

So that proves it. This summer was the best summer for seeing movies ever. And you suck. Feels good, don't it? Tune in next time, you know you like the **C** abuse. Sayonara.



SECTION

HATE!

Alumns Got Mad Phat Hate

by Gus Andrews

Hi there. I'm Gus, and I don't go here any more. You must be a first year. Anyone older has read the *Omen* once or twice before, and decided that knitting hemp sweaters for the Hampshire sheep would be a better use of their time.

Seeing as I've graduated and have nothing better to do than stay involved with Hampshire, I thought I'd try to pass on some helpful words. This is in spite of the advice of a former buddy of mine, who insists, in true Hampshire style, that "it's hard to learn from other peoples' mistakes."

If you agree with him, there are plenty of places to start making your own mistakes at Hampshire. You could, for instance, release the dogs in the farm kennels to do a study of their behavior in the wild. I bet Ray Coppinger will be more than happy to help you with that. Or, you could try to get into a class with Michael Lesy next semester, using an obviously fictional audition essay.

If you'd rather pick up a hint or two from someone else's mistakes and save yourself a few semesters of tuition, come sit by me a while.

First lemme give you an introduction to this paper you

hold in your hands:

This is the Omen. Its motto is "We Hate So You Don't Have To." The *Omen* was not put upon this earth to bring you the news, or even useful information.

cause they're a majority here and the *Omen* has traditionally been a mouthpiece for "unpopular opinions," which used to mean Jon Land's reviews of beef jerky and explicit stick figures), then it's their podium to bang. You've been duly forewarned. The first to the *Omen* wins their own P.A. system, and everyone else has to deal or have nothing to read in *Saga*.

If the *Omen* had a sensible, fair, active editorial board, and did away with the rule about printing everything, it might be less of a waste of paper. As it is, though, it's kind of an ugly, scrappy underdog, which has its own appeal.

Here's my basic primer on Hampshire: The one thing you need to know is that you have to be your own advocate. Simple as that. My first year I thought I had mastered Hampshire simply because I had memorized all the Div requirements. Boy was I ever wrong. Hampshire took me through the wringer for presuming that. Your success here will hinge on your willingness to get friendly with teachers, check up on your own paperwork, and make a coherent case for what you want to do, not on how well you understand the Div system.

So the *Omen* ends up being whatever the contributors and staff make it. If only Libertarian NAMBLA members write for the *Omen*, then the *Omen* is their soapbox. If only lesbian labor activists write (which hasn't happened, be-

lief, Hampshire does have

I've Got Hate In Spades, Baby

rules. Well, Hampshire does have rules and it does not have rules. What I mean is that its rules are spottily enforced, not written down, sometimes unspoken, subject to personal negotiation, and will probably be different by the time you graduate. They will come bite you on the butt whenever it's least convenient for you.

I don't just mean academic requirements. The rules around here get even hazier when you are turning in paperwork to Central Records or straightening out your award with Financial Aid.

I have one suggestion which applies both to academics and red tape: Don't presume you know what's going on until you've heard the same story from a number of sources.

Take with a grain of salt anything that students, even Div III students, tell you you can do. Because the rules are uneven, the rules which apply to them are not the same as the rules which apply to you.

If a student tells you you can turn in a paper a month late without a problem, don't listen. Ask the professor who wants the paper first. Don't even trust the professor when she tells you the first time that a late paper will be fine. Ask her again, and if her answers disagree, ask her a third time. I don't know how many times I finished up a big important meeting — say, my final Div II

or III meeting — and was told by professors that I was all set, only to get a call from someone in Central Records a week later asking why I still hadn't passed that Div. That's the best rule of thumb I can pass along: **ASK THREE TIMES.**

The first thing you'll want to get cracking on is Div I. They are absolutely, positively not something to worry about, at all. Don't put them off until forever, like all of my friends who "went on leave" and are afraid to come back because they haven't done any.

A Div I is roughly a 20 page paper, or equivalent. Do not bother making it longer than that. My SS Div I was 60 pages, and that was unfinished. If you want to see Will Ryan laugh, ask him about my SS Div I sometime. Leave the lengthy papers and earth-shattering revelations for Div III.

Anyway. I said don't listen to other students about rules. It's a good idea to get other information from them, though — qualitative rather than quantitative info. For instance, here's my list of my favorite off-campus faculty:

• Agha Shahid Ali — poetry, UMass (may not teach undergrads, but if he's giving a reading you should go)

• Martin Espada — Latino poetry and smoldering rage, UMass

• Rick Fantasia — sociology, Smith (that isn't pronounced like the Disney

movie, by the way)

• Sut Jhally — media studies, UMass (also may not teach undergraduates, but if he's ever lecturing it's worth listening to)

• Richard Todd — nonfiction, Smith and occasionally UMass

Sorry that's not more broad, but hey, we all have to keep our Div IIs down to a dull roar. I won't mention my favorite or least-favorite Hampshire faculty, because some of them actually read the *Omen* sometimes, and I wouldn't want to leave anyone out, or enrage professors who are already in tenuous states of mental health.

Here's some helpful vocabulary for you, in Hampshire alphabetical order:

• Mumia. When people say "Free Mumia," the appropriate response is something like "Pa'lante la resistencia!," not "Where can I get some?" Mumia Abu-Jamal is a journalist who is on death row in Philly because he is suspected of murder.

The case against him is about as creaky as an Enfield staircase, however, and many people are calling him the first political prisoner in the US to face execution since the Rosenbergs. (You haven't heard about this, have you? Well, neither had I, I don't feel

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¡Pa'lanter El Chupacabra!

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dumb. The media have all but buried the story.) If you'd like to learn more and maybe go to a protest or two, contact Hampshire's human rights group.

• Eqbal. (We call everyone by their first name here, including the head of the U.N., who is Kofi. Are you taking notes? Stop that.) Eqbal Ahmad was a former Hampshire professor of international politics who passed away earlier this year. He spent his life working on vital causes like the Middle East peace process, the civil rights movement in the US, and an end to strife between India and Pakistan. He was once jailed for suspicion that he was plotting to kidnap Henry Kissinger. (I wish that had worked.)

Eqbal was an amazing teacher and speaker. When he retired, Hampshire threw a bash that lasted for days and attracted Noam Chomsky and other important thinkers of the Left. They're basically repeating it this year.

If you were planning to miss the lecture by Edward Said and the rest of this weekend's events, change your plans, you ninny. You'll learn more from listening to these people than in most Hampshire classes.

• Hegemony: a preponderance of power or influence over others.

• Patriarchy: rule by fathers, literally; used as "ruled by men" around here.

• Paradigm: duhhh, I forget the literal definition... it's like a rubric for understanding things, the rules of the game, like that. These three words are more used than soap on this campus, and to less effect, believe it or not.

• CSA: CSA is the reason you shouldn't go picking vegetables from the fields at the Farm Center. (If you get lost in the woods and end up in a field, you're either at the Farm Center or one of the neighboring farms. Don't pick there either. It will never heal.)

Community Supported Agriculture is the way Hampshire's Farm Center tries its damnedest to be financially sustainable without the college pouring money into it. The way they do that is by selling shares in the crop to members of the community and people in the mods. Being a member of CSA is a great idea; skeezing corn and tomatoes is not.

• Dog Dog: Ask someone from my orientation group last year to tell you the story of The Fall of Dog Dog.

• John Dwork: He's the guy who majored in frisbee, in case anybody asks. He did go on to a successful career at Wham-O.

• Freduation: Freduation,

no longer exists, and that sucks balls. Freduation was a graduation ceremony in which Merrill resident Div IIIIs passed under an arch of crossed plastic flamingoes and received a bottle of champagne from David Kerr. Then they talked to other Merrill residents about their Div IIIIs. I thought it was sweet, but the last Dean of Students destroyed most of Hampshire's native traditions and that was one of the ones which went.

• Hippie Christmas: This is the time at the end of the year when everyone at all Five Colleges is leaving the dorms. **Five College students leave more stuff than you would believe possible**, both in bins in their halls and laundry rooms and in the dorms. A good time to get new clothes and furniture.

The tables in the laundry room at Hampshire are where people leave things they want to get rid of year-round. The pickings can be really great—try Enfield if you like fancy hippie clothes. Don't leave your laundry on the tables. If there aren't any dryers free and you need to unload one which has stopped, don't leave other people's stuff on the tables either.

• Vegan: By most definitions, a vegetarian who does not eat eggs or dairy products. Some even avoid refined sugar

Cat Booty Is Bad Booty

and other products made with unseen animal costs. (I've been told that refined sugar is made with charcoal from animal bones.) Don't try to pressure your vegetarian and vegan friends to eat meat, please. They've already considered eating meat and made the choice to stop, which is more than most of you ramen-swilling mooks can say for yourselves.

• Yurt. What is the Yurt? A symbol of everything Hampshire: an unfinished Div III; a portable, felt dwelling from a third world country which Hampshire students decided could be improved with electric heaters, plexiglass windows and an Internet hookup; quirky, funky, and a very nice space to hold meetings. The Yurt has a schedule, somewhere. Sign up if you want to use it to avoid confusion.

The Yurt is not your personal art gallery. Some asshole decided it was last year and put in this huge art installation which kept those of us who meet regularly there out, and that sucked. Not only that, but he had goldfish in his exhibit

which died off slowly and painfully.

Which brings me to my next point: Don't kill animals or ruin natural areas for art. I thought this was common sense, but it happens here pretty regularly with the apparent approval of the art faculty. If you find the art professors who sign off on these projects, report them to PETA. They'll get what they deserve.

Also, if you live in the dorms, do not try to keep a cat or dog. Please.

It's bad enough having a roommate, worse having one which doesn't understand human conventions, like "puke goes in the toilet, not on my Div III." I tried it. The cat and I are filing for divorce.

Remember, I graduated, so some of this stuff may have changed since I rang the bell. And don't listen to me anyway, because I was only ever a student, and you're reading this in the *Omen*.

Finally:

Sting's son is going to be attending Hampshire next year. Welcome him in, and try not to make as much of a fuss about him as everyone's making over Natalie Portman.

Hall booty is bad booty. Mod booty is worse. Theater booty is inevitable, or so I'm told.

Live in Dakin, but not so long that it makes you hard. Live in Enfield, but not so long that it makes you soft.

If you're stranded off campus after the busses stop, you might try ordering yourself back to campus with a pizza. It worked for a friend of mine.

My dad said to me something recently about being good to people even if they are very new friends who may not seem that important in your life yet. I think that's good advice, too.

Keep da fuit; hopefully this will be the year of Hampshire's Rapture, when all students will be above average and palatable vegan cookies will fall like manna from heaven.

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Chuck is Naked

By Caleb Chabot



Lobster Ice Cream

by Jess VanScoy

So, I went home this summer with no great expectations. Most of my best friends are gone permanently to better things and I hate my hometown. Just a bunch of hicks who drive their snowmobiles to school and brush their teeth in the kitchen sink.

The first thing I did was get a job. I worked in Bar Harbor, Maine, this summer because I knew it would make me a shitload and I could meet a whole bunch of new people. Bar Harbor is this tourist trap that lures people in with the great idea of what Maine is supposed to be about (the big trees and clean air thing). Basically, we have ONE beach that is too fucking cold to swim in even if you try. My friends and I just went there for the sand and the pee pool, the wading pond that is warm as hell. And we made this sand phallus, too, which made us feel 13 again and pissed the tourists off. Eh, the usual. Oh, yeah, and Acadia, too, which is amazing. The only thing that makes Maine a worthwhile place to visit.

So, I ended up working at this place called Ben and Bill's Chocolate Emporium scooping ice cream for tards. It was an hour commute that I made with my sister everyday. The only problem with that is she would not let me change the radio to decent station. We had to listen to the oldies all the way there and all the way back. The oldies are fine once in a while, but I became horrified at the point where I was singing about the sun being a "red rubber ball"

at work. But there was this one song that was sooo funny. I'm not sure of the name, but it went "If her daddy's rich, take her out for a meal/If her daddy's poor, just do what you feel." We turned that shit UP.

Work was hell. Could I emphasize this any more? For 10 hours a day I was on my feet waiting on people and repeating the same thing over and over again. "Oh, Jeff, look, honey, they have Lobster Ice Cream!" to which I would have to reply what it was. "It's a butter-based ice cream with pieces of Lobster in it." And have to scoop out tasters so that they could spit it on the ground for me to pick up later. Then there were the people who ordered the sugar-free ice cream (that took a chisel to get out) ON A FUCKING SUGAR CONE! And then they would complain that it tasted like shit . . . OK, common sense, people.

Basically the only thing that kept me and my fine co-workers sane is making up new flavors to go along with some of the ones we had. We decided "Crab Ice Cream" would be appropriate to go beside the lobster. I wanted to make it just so I could see the look on a tourist's face when I said,

"It's a butter based ice cream with pubic lice in it." We also made up The Gilligan to go next to the Ginger ice cream (this is a disgusting ice cream that hippies and old

people eat) with ham and pineapple, and Yellow Snow Sorbet, which is self-explanatory.

Jeff, my boss, who was the genius of inventing the Lobster Ice cream, was disgusting. He sexually harassed every girl that worked there; we had these cameras everywhere and the TV's were located in the bathroom. He would go in there for like an hour at a time to watch us with the door shut and locked. He threatened our jobs every five minutes for nothing at all. And he made us listen to Merle Haggard every fucking day. That's what did me in. But he hired us and paid us well, so I learned to deal and to make fun of him to his face, which I got away with because I had been there two months, which makes me a superior . . . People got fired or quit left and right. One girl got fired because her body odor was so bad. Seriously. We were trying to sell candy, for chrissakes, and there she is reaching up to get something and knocking us out.

There were people who stayed, too. Most of them were cool and we had a lot of fun (one was an opera singer, even). There was this guy named Corey who I nicknamed Chuck (he LOOKED like a Chuck) and so everyone started calling him that. Chuck was a 22-year old who was married and had three kids. He weighed about 350 lbs., which was sort of hard in the little space we had. But he would always do "Fat guy in a little coat" for us to make us laugh. And he had this best

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Look At Me, I'm Rambling!

by Ben Tavelow

Here I am, back from my summer and reveling once more in the farm-like splendor which is Hampshire. And yet something is different.

I have been scribbling sardonic comments in the margins of my spiral bound notebooks during the first meeting of classes I am not preregistered for, I have been wandering up and down my hallway in Dakin yelling "Hampshire bastards!" at regular intervals, and I am actually writing an article for the Omen. I have become a bitter second-year student. How did this happen? What possible change could there have been between that idyllic spring day three months ago when I left this campus and that muggy, disgusting day about a week ago when I returned? The answer is nothing.

Absolutely nothing has changed. That is why I am bitter. Somewhere, in the back of my skull, I illogically hoped that I would come back to a campus without dirty hippies, gangsta rap blasted into the quad at 2:00 in the morning and foul tasting Saga food. I had hoped for a group of people to see me

and relate stories of the wonders of their summers, tell me how different I looked, and do all of the other things one is supposed to after a separation of more than two days. Instead we are all wandering around saying "Hey, wow. It feels just like we never left." I'm in the same room, with the same people in my classes, eating the same food (which somehow tastes even worse this year than last year. How is that possible?). The only thing I can think of that has changed since last year is that I am getting less financial aid, despite the fact that every single member of my family, including my little brother, is making less money than last year. Does anybody else fail to see the logic here? This is what happens at Hampshire. The first year you are here they treat you really well so you'll stay. By the time you've finished a years worth of work they just count on your being unable to transfer any credits to another college, making leaving more of a pain than it's worth. They've got you forever. Not that I don't like it here. I do like it. I don't think I would be nearly as happy anywhere else. I'm just bitter about liking it here.

continued from previous page

friend that he lived with that had a birthmark that covered half his face whose nickname was Patch. (I laughed.) Chuck was really good at making fun of the tourists, too. He called Vanilla "Vanira" because that was how the Chinese tourists would say it and called a dish a "tub" because of the Brits. And every time the phone rang he would yell out "Could someone get that? I think it's the phone!" Yeah, he was fun.

So that was my life for most of the

I'd rather not like it here, because I can't help wondering at three in the morning whether there are drum circles at other colleges.

Look at this! I'm rambling! This is another reason I am bitter. Having been at Hampshire for a year, I have been sucked up into all of the things I hated about the school last year. I hate people who complain in the Omen. And yet, somehow, it all just feels so normal. It's like a giant cult. This is the other thing about being a bitter second year student. You think up crazy conspiracy theories. When I started this article I was going to write about a crazed Div III student from 1976 who had gone mad trying to create a cure for world hunger and now goes around infecting returning students with a bitterness serum. There is no way around it. I am no longer a part of the solution. I am now thoroughly a part of the problem, as you activists would say. There is nothing to be done. Dip me in salt water and chew on me at Passover, for I am bitter.

Creamy Labor

summer. When we did have time off, we would go hiking and camping in Acadia or at my sister's boyfriend's camp. Once we went to his camp and there were these hippie squatters there that we hung out and smoked with. They had this dog, Lucky, who would hump anyone that went near it. We figured that's how he got his name.

That's about it, kids. Welcome back, let's party.

World's Least Funny "Yo Momma" Jokes

by Stirling McLaughlin and Jeph Jacques

Yo momma hit a deer - jogging!

Yo momma just got in a terrible car accident!

Yo momma was cleaning her gun and shot her face off!

Yo momma's so fat, her last name is DAMN!

Yo momma's so dumb, her last name is DAMN!

Yo momma's so retarded, her last name is DAMN!

Yo momma fell out of a tree! You fucker!

Yo momma was in labor for 12 hours, and this is how you repay her!

Yo momma had a stroke!

Yo momma got attacked by an animal on FOX, and it was funny as SHIT!

Yo momma said "No," but she meant "Yes."

Yo momma is slightly less attractive than the average woman in her age bracket!

Yo momma fell down the stairs into your basement and is crying for help but no one can hear her!

Yo momma got kidnapped!

Yo momma was adopted and shit!

Yo momma could only get to the sixth level of Doom!

Yo momma has flat feet and requires corrective footwear!

Yo momma did drugs and it fucked her up or something!

Yo momma's so skinny, she can wear tight clothing!

Yo momma's so stupid, she overdosed on painkillers and died!

Yo momma couldn't get the VCR to stop flashing 12:00!

And she died!

Yo momma gave birth to you so that means she had sex with some guy!

Yo momma's so stupid she thought the internet was some kind of deodorant!

Yo momma is such a ho, she gets tired and goes to sleep after sex!

Yo momma works for a living!

Yo momma so stupid she confuses the musical styles of Freddie and B.B. King!

Yo momma so stupid, she broke her leg talkin' bout, "Ow, my leg's broken!"

Yo momma was on a train once and shit!

Yo momma afraid of ghosts!

Yo momma so stupid she can't tell the difference between Coke and Pepsi!

Yo momma was on the toilet and ran out of toilet paper and shit!

Yo momma has elephantiasis! In her FACE!

Yo momma has an inoperable brain tumor!

Yo momma so skinny she needs a belt to hold up her HEAD!

Yo momma . . . is . . . so dumb and shit that . . . she . . . uh . . . you fucker!



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK

IS IT OKAY IF
MAURICE STAYS
HERE FOR A
WHILE?

LIKE HELL
HE CAN. I
CAN BARELY
STAND YOU.

WEEELL...
WHAT IF I SAID
I ALREADY TOLD
HIM THAT HE
COULD?

HEY, YOU'RE
ALL OUT OF
BEER NOW. I
JUST FINISHED
THE LAST
6 PACK.

by Jacob Chabot

REMIND ME AGAIN.
WHICH ONE OF YOU
IS THE EVIL ONE?

GOOD. I'LL
GO SET
UP A BED.

OPE! NOW
THE TV'S
BUSTED!